

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smokie House. I had rather liue
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: shall I tell you, Coosen,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humor, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the tast of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernement,
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behind a stain:
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am schoold, Good-manners be your speed,
Heere come our wiues, and let vs take our leaues.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,
Shee

Sheele be a souldier too, sheele

Mor. Good father tell her,
Shall follow in your conduct

Glendower speakes to her
him in th

Glen. She is desperat heere,
A peeuish selfe-wil'd harlotry,
good vpon.

The Lady spe

Mor. I vnderstand thy look
Which thou powrest downe fr
I am too perfect in, and but for
In such a parley should I answ

The Lady againe in

Mor. I vnderstand thy kill
And thats a feeling disputation
But I will neuer be a truant lou
Till I haue learn'd thy languag
Makes *Welsh* as sweets as ditties
Sung by a faire Queene in a Su
With rauishing diuision to her

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then

The Lady speakes a

Mor. O, I am ingnorance it

Glen. She bids you on the w
And rest your gentle head vpo
And she will sing the song that
And on your eyelids crowne th
Charming your blood with ple
Making such difference betwix
As is the difference betwixt day
The houre before the heavenly
Begins his golden progresse in

Mor. With all my heart Ile
By that time will our booke I th

Glen. Do so and those Multiti
Hang in the ayre a thousand Le
And straight they shall be here